

APPLEROSITE

tomorrow

form as the excess of what breathes, would feature scores and breaths of wood, would elongate bounds or bonds of texts graven parachutes in buttered dusts, form not hinge though bold as periodic thought, then wind thin egret then vials of sing singed palomino long along the hive, the wrong feat to eat when flocked along the feted sense, a mimic city ginger thighs or text, circled by nouns and glance or whore, more mute doubt and edited bled, fed the shout of pen or abscess, an excess of steers the ectomy into fact.

Weeds

wealth revealed intuitive of this motion, moments less than the peach, each god that intuitive reach of ampersand. all through the thigh a purr of heat, the stance of a mimic hardens noon, no chance or task of vespers dawn, no verb then liable to a tilt of rain. sounds like a bait or teach the simple cats. we wreath a sex in halves the vacuum wealth and story, the rack of missive dawn, the either stipple wrought. enough unicorn to hem our shingled vine. by apostle to wingnut, a waggle of inference, later, ladder, mutters.

rations

stipend or into the name, no lower than stipends wager, still pensive in the fiance, still willing though no lower. our blunder still sound and pun or carp and carpe diem, fish the found to sound a roving light, what might have been, the sun or harp or some unknown knowing beast, what liposuction to the thighs of such a feast, what blows in from the west, the rest of us are simple, amiss, or drowned. my beak is a downy sanctuary. pulse mulch to honey and clay. thematic lung witch, my hollow is your construct. rust the dice in a book. therefore justice is a harm of sounds. each cat and moon is our silver hand. she snored quietly behind the silent arrays, a vocable, the doubt. my pipewrench whereas the raids. parsed forwards into idyllic interference. the furniture of sex.

Mantic

how the poem's sexuality is measured in scores or first invocations nevermind peaking at the wrong moment, heaven is the silence of a succulent remainder. i've quit washed succotash, the immaculate alterity, the wisp of gravity and the squeal of will. i am the sensible rings and the length of sergeant language. donuts on the blind side. justice is the heir to a form of blindness. i've just come back from the withered ewes of doubt. we are not that, manacled in place. honey, my limp is the number of your assurance. we mutate in an ingrate intelligible, illegible to ourselves. our hairy rapture, our slash unwritten hours, our nouns, what written gist unfolded, what onion piss. love is the rim of thought. the werewolf on the holy beach.

Milk

appearance emptied of her, a hairy recall in rhyme against the comp, her flower lower than we speak, peaking in mid-season. spilled iotas penned through the boulders of light, my right thigh, her philosophy of conception. she slept in the damaged magnet, bitch, my half of repeal to the tonsils. monstrous. earthquakes does not blind side pick to the formal heirloom. her mouth: i am not responsible for the tinted language, the spontaneous everglades, the sour sexual morality of the cause. this world looks like the sound of yesterday. i told the slaves of death to go away. writhe a knot and carry the pace of money. so much time to answer the silence, we never feather a rigid telephone. my context is a forum of gush, the sexual milk is your opinion.

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The Hands, The Streets

had small mind, I who or happiness, books with total desires.
the part, the delivery --
seizes, it exists, all our sublime. imagination awoke in this, able to truth. can it, arrived numerous
of sensations, of thoughts?

From

of shit and slumber, by red pepper the middle, the middle at fingertips more around itself, green grey in, in a are the to be desperate, in desire, painful each cappuccino on itself, itself, Lord along with all possible from the sicker, also sick itself, now against doubt the author of little like.

Believe What

she scared what money. anything she is, she doesn't. she should, big as nose and any sense i want to teach. if some have, so he does, with the he has a little as in my teeth. should these fine night for a she, some, but the you should have been in New York. absurd nothing would have done well for her head. soused by the cop, he will.

i

are you here to a youth, a judgement? what as if the axis? themselves to have famished over the sailor's turning round to me? wouldn't you dead men tried to laugh again? said souls hope shrieked the are. red certainty to be believed. for the wide world cast and they her she. she marry must be a say.

Suicide?

to secrecy there hide such privacy beauty a peerless lovers met, many halls, the carved, the middle, who has never asleep on naked tits. cinnamon aside, this is the full cup to me. what you into a warm offer such the next best, i hated myself. the hot, this growing to myself, to blot out

my me, sensuous for it, unendable, which destroys what happened. my own nature, i knew that this.

Has

something my body wants as the body that wants dislike. i my body better to be who he about the laughs excites me. she's the one as to tell him, i had aroused a moment, i cried my mind, i tenderness, not this mad he makes me become. my brow, my naked heart, my naked heart, whispering to me. this whisper is controlling me. triangular hats themselves and wear black. precise a sunlit though, wander into is outside though.

A Group

the details of didn't you meant to be, he said, incredulously. what a resourceful winter, be easy around. know what drunk i under the guise of being romanticism? i was still useful, my pet, i'm a man. you know who i am, and rape me, the truth, he said. or not. if he should, i would die. bride thy vassal i take and quest, miracle not if thou infidel.

Murder Me?

inheritance worthless, he won't trust my favorites when i answer me. my fault again. the, the held were winds. my tremble, feel the what is doubt. to change, so i, i, i turning, vision with the itself out? the twins considered to thought. my joint in his name, how do we, how is it? and i escape through nature.

Time

to poor only money, they transfer the making of stay alive. doing art sex, this society some international harmless to an experimentation, so one chance in nevertheless, so success either slow starvation, lack of for only their work. at least haven't died off and turn to become people in because. only there are more less and everything else he wants to do.

jim leftwich 1/4/2000